



**Just when you  
think you know a  
girl--**



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**LOCATION:** but this time, I know how to get the lipstick off

**MOOD:** ☺ rejuvenated

There are would-be skater kids all over the street out front under the streetlights, doing really bad ollies and kickflips that are going to get somebody's ankle broken any minute. Ah, youth. I kind of wish I weren't too old to go out and play with them, but it would be creepy.

I bet they all watched the same episode of *Time Warp* (not the version with Richard O'Brien) that I DVRed last night. It had high speed photography of amazingly hot girls in bikinis breathing fire. Totally sick. And Greg Lutzka doing kickflips at 600 frames per second.

They have a free runner on Wednesday. Sorry, AB. I may have a new favorite show.

So after a birthday that couldn't be beat--cake, *somebody* filling every drawer in my desk with glitter bombs, the Pietasters ( [trollcatz](https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/) (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>)) told me I couldn't come to my own birthday party unless I brought a date, so I asked the cute technical analyst from Cybercrimes via email, and she was nice enough to come out to the concert, at least--possibly the Wabbit applied some social pressure), a pie tasting break of our own, more clubbing--until we split up around 2 am. But not before  [Ometotchtli](https://0metotchtli.livejournal.com/) (<https://0metotchtli.livejournal.com/>),  [erik\\_not\\_erik](https://erik-not-erik.livejournal.com/) (<https://erik-not-erik.livejournal.com/>) and I made plans to sleep late and meet up again this afternoon.

I lurched today. And I'd do it again.

We got to the Monument around 3:45, and there was already a milling crowd of undead sweeping the bystanders for potential converts and chanting zombie rights slogans ("What do we want? Brains! When do we want them? Brains!" and "Better off dead!").

We were wandering around, smearing more black and green makeup on each other, and suddenly I looked up and spotted a familiar lurch. A lurch I would know coming a mile away. A lurch that made my heart skip a beat.

Last year I was in Tucson for Halloween. The year before... I guess I was too busy playing Junior G-man to splash fake blood and brains all over myself, or maybe I was too new in town and hadn't caught on yet, or something.

So I managed to miss the fact that the cutest girl in the DC Metro area is also a zombie.

Truck stop waitress zombie. Apron, hairnet, order pad (Today's special? braaaiiiinnnssss), and a nametag that read, "Flo." Plus enough fake blood to make the Red Cross jealous. (Most people there didn't use enough blood. Yes, it's disturbing to know that.)

She said year before last she was a janitor zombie, but the mop bucket of blood was a pain to lug around.

I think my embarrassing crush just got tightened up a notch.

Guh.

Okay, it's probably kind of sick to think being undead makes a girl hotter. But it does.

You don't suppose she rides? Oh, hell. LA girl. I bet she does. Or did.



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This looks like a  
good idea.  
...

This.  
...

Little guy's not  
bad.  
Gotta teach RHex  
to smear.

3 comments



 [inaurolillium](#)

[November 2 2008, 07:57:55 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Braaaaaaaaains.

;)



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[November 2 2008, 15:48:50 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Of course being undead makes a girl hotter. It means she thought to be undead.

 [kayjayoh](#)

[November 4 2008, 06:08:17 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey there. Belated happy birthday to you. I thought of you when I was posting a birthday greeting to my brother, your birthdate-sharer, but I was not at home at the time, and so didn't have the luxury of seeking out your new digs to wish you well on your journal. I'm glad to hear that there was assorted excellence for you this weekend.